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PER

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

C. N. and A. M. Williamson

(Continued from Tuesday's Daily) She did not understand why she did it, why she felt—even without seeing him except as a shadow—that she would find herself wishing to do whatever he might ask. It must be, she thought, the influence of his marvelous voice. She had heard Paul Van Vreck spoken of as an old man, but the voice was the voice of magnetic youth.

He opened the door of the living-room before she could touch the handle, and, carrying his bundle, followed her as she entered. There was only one lamp in this room, a reading lamp with a green shade, which stood on a table, its heavy base surrounded by books and magazines. A good light for reading was thrown from under the green shade onto the table, but the rest of the room was of a cool, green dimness; and, looking up with irresistible curiosity at the face of her night visitor, it floated pale on a vague background, like a portrait by Whistler.

That smile came to her, and she smiled, for it was appropriate that this jewel expert should have jewels for eyes. They were dark topazes, and from them gazed out the spirit of the man with a compelling charm. Under a rolled-back wave of iron-gray hair he had a broad forehead, high cheekbones, a pointed, prominent chin, a mouth both sweet and humorous, like that of some enchanting woman; but his sweetness was contradicted by a hawk nose. Had it not been for that nose he would have been handsome.

"I guessed by the startled tone of your voice, when you asked 'Who is there?' that your husband was out," explained the shadow, now framed by the light into an extremely tall, extremely thin man in gray travelling clothes. "I had a moment of repentance at troubling a woman—a lady—alone; but, you see, the case was urgent, so I was set on."

He had carelessly tossed his Panama hat onto the table, but kept the black bag, which he now held out with a smile. "Not a big bag, is it? And so common, it wouldn't be likely to tempt a thief. But it holds what is worth—if it has a price at all—about half a million dollars."

"Oh!" exclaimed Annesley. She looked horrified; and through the green gloom the old man read her face closely. "I see!" he said, with a laugh in his beautiful young voice. "You have heard the great secret. That makes another who knows. But I'm not afraid you'll throw me to the dogs. You wouldn't do that even if you weren't Michael Donaldson's wife. And being his wife, you could not."

AUTHORS OF "A Soldier at the Legion," "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop Girl"

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Good Night Stories

By Blanche Selous

IF WISHES CAME TRUE Marjorie lay back on the grass gazing up into the sky. The soft fleecy clouds looked like little white boats against a blue sea.

A robin flitted by, chirping as he went, and Marjorie wondered where he was going. "I wish I were a bird, I'd fly right into that white cloud," said Marjorie out loud.

A laugh like the tinkle of a tiny bell sounded among the tall grasses, and Marjorie saw two bright eyes peeping at her from a tiny blue bell. "So you wish you were a bird!" said the tinkly voice, and Marjorie nodded her head.

"Oh, yes, indeed! And I'd fly away into that beautiful white cloud," replied Marjorie. The tiny fairy jumped out of the blue bell and handed Marjorie a cup of dew.

"Drink that and come with me, and your wish shall be granted," said the tiny fairy. Marjorie did as she was told and they soared into the blue sky.

"You can drop us when we reach the woods, as I want Marjorie to see Mrs. Robin's new home and her dear little babies," said the fairy, and when they reached the woods the cloud boat stopped and Marjorie and the fairy hopped out.

The fairy knocked at Mrs. Robin's house, and when the door swung open Marjorie and the fairy stepped inside. There in a cradle lay two baby robins, and a third played on the floor with a worm that Mrs. Robin had just brought home.

"Aren't they dear?" cried Marjorie, taking a baby robin on her lap. "I wish I were a bird! It must be lovely to live among the cool green branches with nothing to do but to fly around all day and look for food. What a happy life it must be!"

"It is a lovely life unless something happens," replied Mrs. Robin. "There are the cats, and the naughty boys that rob our houses. Just then the door opened nearest the door cried out in alarm, and a great, big hand reached through the opening.

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By Anabel Worthington.

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To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.



SIDE TALKS

REAL DEBTS OF HONOR.

There is a certain familiar phrase to which I should like to see a new meaning given—"debts of honor." The old meaning, as everyone knows, is gambling debts. Those are the debts which, according to the masculine code of honor, a man must pay though he leave his butcher, his landlord, his tailor unpaid.

I suppose the idea is that the butcher or the landlord or the tailor has the law on his side, whereas the man who holds the card debt has the promise to pay as his only security, and therefore that promise should be held sacred.

Are Doctors' Bills Treated as Debts of Honor? But take the case of a doctor. Until the last few years it was a matter of professional honor with doctors not to sue. They also depended solely on the patient's promise to pay. And were their debts contracted in any further favors, and repudiate the debt. This is the easiest way of getting rid of such a debt—and the most yellow.

Now the new meaning that I'd like to give to "debts of honor," the meaning that I think would better justify that fine phrase, is "debts of gratitude." The Less Blinding The More Powerful. In this case there is not even a promise to pay to bind the debtor. The thread which binds him to his creditor is even more unsubstantial and hence, to the honorable soul, even more powerful.

Some people, finding them too heavy, have an ingenious way of lightening the burden. Instead of paying of some of the debt they minimize the benefaction. "It didn't mean much to him with all his money," they say. Or they point out people who have done much more for others until they have quite dwarfed their debt in comparison. Or they pretend to think the benefaction was given in some unbecomingly spirit or for some unworthy motive and therefore should not command so much gratitude.

Other people when lured by a debt of gratitude, simply fly into a fit of rage, declare indignantly that they will not accept any further favors, and repudiate the debt. This is the easiest way of getting rid of such a debt—and the most yellow.

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Rhyming Rhymes

AN INNOVATION

The girls are wearing overalls, and yet no startled heaven falls. The men who deal in hand-me-downs, in this and all adjacent towns, are selling now to damsels fair the kind of duds their brothers wear. When first I heard it I was shocked—immodest schemes I've always mocked; but when I saw a transformed maid, I felt my opposition fade. In cottages and huts and halls, the girls are wearing overalls. And they look smooth, I must confess, without the old accustomed dress. They say it is the best of bogs to trot around in.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

BY JOHN W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D., D.P.M., CHIEF OFFICER OF THE PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

TO PASS COMFORTABLY THROUGH MENSTRUATION.

RATIONAL METHOD is all that is necessary, excepting in those cases where correction of anatomical defects may exist. Woman's early training teaches that bathing must not be done during the menstrual period. Therefore, at the time she needs it most bathing is done the least. In inquiring into the cause of this very general rule I find that in most instances girls and women have lived under conditions where cold water was the only kind obtainable, with extra trouble, and not much privacy in the home was possible. If anyone they ever heard about had bathed at such times, such practice was held to be the cause of any illness, from dropsy to tuberculosis, which might develop. Therefore modesty and fear were the prevailing first causes of personal uncleanliness at this time. They were the foundations on which the teaching was based.

Conditions of living have improved. Hot water arrangements are almost as general and necessary as cold water arrangements. A special room is now set aside for toilet purposes where the individual occupant can isolate herself. Not only can she have hot water, but she has a bathtub especially adapted for her purposes, and, most important, she can regulate the temperature of the bathroom to suit her needs. Even if it has no special heating apparatus, she can heat it by running the tub full of hot water first and cool the water down after the steams has heated the room. Temperature is the most important element at the menstrual times, and the factor which should entirely dissolve any persisting fear. It was the cold water and the probable cold room that prolonged the fear of bathing at this time.

The woman of to-day not only can use a warm bathroom, but she has hot water or water tempered as she wishes it. Many bathrooms have a special tub for hot—the Sitz bath—but where this is missing she can get the same effect, though somewhat less conveniently, by using the ordinary tub. During ten days of every month of a woman's menstrual life there is an increasing activity of the ovaries and the glandular structures of the uterus. A portion of this activity is in preparation for and a portion of it is a part of menstruation. This means increased blood in the structures involved, slower circulation through the parts, their size and weight, accompanied by feelings of tension and heaviness, varying from slight unconsciousness to aches or acute pain, as the case may be. Behind the uterus lies a plexus of nerves, sometimes called the abdominal brain, which controls sensation and blood supply and connects up with the bladder, rectum, uterus, and appendages, and even the external genitals. Any irritation to one or another of the pelvic organs supplied by this nerve contracts on the entire group of organs. The uterus itself is in part a gland, its mucous lining being rich in glands. Here are also the terminations of minute blood spaces. It is also in part a muscle, the muscle bands lying in layers. In each layer, the muscle bands are distributed in such a manner that the size, shape, and length of the layer can be absolutely changed by the kind of stimulus to which it reacts. Just before a menstruation the uterus is very irritable, and its muscular fibres act as their physiological limit. At the beginning of menstruation the glands act to a point where the secretions and the blood supply to the lining membrane is exhausted. Then the muscular activity again comes into prominence. This should be the predominating factor during the intramenstrual period. The activity is as rhythmic as breathing and should be as painless. Anything which affects its rhythm is disturbing to the other pelvic organs. For this reason any agent which will equalize the circulation or which will produce congestion in the periphery of the body and which will stimulate rhythm is indicated as the Sitz bath to accomplish all purposes desired—cleanliness, loss of symptoms, and limitation of time involved. It is best taken when a woman can rest for a short time afterward. The bath should be begun at body temperature—that is, so that the feet practically no difference between the temperature of the body uncovered, the water, and the room. The water should cover the hips, come about to the navel, but never above the waist line. The temperature should then be increased to the point of tolerance from time to time until the skin of the abdomen is deeply reddened. Then the water should be allowed to run out and the cold to run in at the same time until comfortably cool. A general bath at this time—that is, the immersion of the whole body—should not be taken. (To be continued.)

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